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RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CIVIL WAR.—IV.

BY SIR WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL. D., SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "THE TIMES" (LONDON).

I found at Cairo that foreigners were taking a leading part in military organizations. Of the staff officers, one was Hungarian, another Austrian, a third German, a fourth a Scotchman, a fifth an Englishman. A regiment a thousand strong, at the Missouri side, consisted of Germans, Poles, and Hungarians. General Prentiss told me that he had 1,200 Illinois men in garrison where the Mississippi and the Missouri met—a miserable, pestiferous mud bank which is supposed to have been the original of "Eden," the city where Mark Tapley was so jolly in one of Dickens' novels. The General drove Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, Colonel Oglesby (a lawyer elected by a thousand men to be their Colonel), and myself round the camps. General Prentiss was called upon to make a speech; so did the Colonel and the Congressman. Their speeches were received with approving commentaries. "Bully for you, General! Bravo, Washburne! That's so, Colonel!" "Why have not the officers more control over their men, General?" "Well, the fact is that the term of service of these volunteers is drawing to a close. They have not yet enrolled themselves in the U. S. Army. If they were displeased they might refuse to take fresh engagements, and the officers would find themselves without any men. They, therefore, curry favor with the privates."

I left the camp at Cairo by the Central Illinois Railway for Chicago in the afternoon of the 23d. At all the forty little stations in the 365 miles of the way the Union flag floated in the air. Prairie ground, all of it, wheat fields in lieu of Indian corn, cotton, and sugar cane! No black faces turned from the work as we passed! At Richmond House letters were waiting

for me which gave me full assurance that I need not be in a hurry. There was no immediate prospect of the Federal army making an advance to Richmond, and further I had a few days to look round Chicago, inspect Niagara, and make for Washington. I arrived at New York on the 2d of July, had an interesting conversation with Bancroft Davis, and afterwards called on Mr. Bancroft, whom I had known at Vienna or Berlin. In the middle of a long disquisition by the eminent historian, a diversion was effected by Mrs. Bancroft, who asked me "whether I had been sent over by the London *Times* to describe the death throes of the great Republic. We are not quite done for yet!"

I dined with Butler Duncan where there was a pleasant party, Colonel Rowan, Sam Barlow, Evarts, Seymour, etc. A most remarkable change in feeling had taken place since I last sat at that hospitable table. All there were for the Union now.

July 3d, up at five o'clock; started 6.15 for boat and train for Washington at seven o'clock. Camps along the road near Baltimore, the approaches to which were well guarded. Met Wyckoff on the bridge, who told me that Gordon Bennett was much exasperated against "me," the *Times* and "Great Britain." Washington at 5.30—quarters, 179 Pennsylvania Avenue; found Lord Lyons sitting with Monson in the garden and heard a good deal that was new to me. On my way back met Mr. Sumner, who acquainted me with strange particulars concerning the relations between France and England with regard to the Confederate States. He asked me to come to him to-morrow for the opening of the Senate.

July 4. A day of perpetual detonation—fireworks, crackers, cannons. The streets filled with volunteers, the Stars and Stripes flying from every building. Rode off to visit Colonel Butterfield, of the 12th New York Regiment. Colonel Butterfield expressed politely his disapproval of the attitude of the British government. Calling at the Legation I gleaned from various indications that there was friction in the relations of Lord Lyons and Mr. Seward—the latter very provocative. Called on Mr. Seward, who certainly has become grander than he was. My passport, he said, was ready for me—it had been signed by Lord Lyons, but it would be no good till he had signed it and then it must be countersigned by General Scott. Drove to the Capitol, where I was met by Senator Sumner and was introduced by him and Senator Wilson to "the floor of the House." I was accommodated with a seat at Senator Sumner's desk, where I remained much interested till the sitting was closed. Called on the President, who was with Mr. Seward at the State Department.

July 5. A friend whom I had met in happy, peaceful days, when I was in retreat with my family near Thun, on my return from the Indian

mutiny, made me out to-day to my great delight (Mr. John Bigelow, afterwards U. S. Minister at Paris). He advised me to call upon General Scott. I went to headquarters, where Colonel Cullum showed me the positions of the Federal army around Washington in confidence. General Mansfield and others were closeted with the Commander-in-Chief. Called on Riggs, Mme. Stoeckl and the General, Lady Georgina Fane, Mrs. Clifford; dined with Lord Lyons and his legationaries, Monson, Sheffield, Warre, Irving.

July 6. Breakfasted with Bigelow to meet General McDowell, commanding the army of operations across the river. In the prime of life, square, and strong. A smooth, honest face lighted with keen, blue eyes, short-cropped iron-gray hair and French tuft; a frank, pleasant manner. He gave me a hearty welcome to his camp, and said: "I will show you the makings of a fine army." He spoke pretty strongly about political generals and the interference of party men with military matters. He was interested when he heard I had met Beauregard and spoke of him with liking, recalling the days when they were at West Point together. An excellent band playing in the President's garden, to which we listened afterwards. Soldiers, soldiers, everywhere. The hill at the other side of the Potomac, crowned by an ancient mansion belonging to Robert Lee, covered with tents pitched in the park-like grounds, Arlington Heights to wit. In the afternoon a regiment some 1,200 strong, marching through Pennsylvania Avenue, singing in chorus "John Brown," fine, hardy-looking young soldiers with camp and equipage and transport. North and South there is a Zouave eruption which is rather ridiculous; there is no *raison d'être* in it; the uniform is expensive, showy, and theatrical. Why should American soldiers copy the uniform of the African soldiers of France?

July 7th. Breakfast with Bigelow, where were Thurlow Weed, Senator King, Senator Wilson, head of the Military Committee; N. P. Willis, a West Point professor, Mr. Olmsted. Senator Wilson inveighed in a marvelous manner against professional soldiers. "They don't understand a war of this kind. We want men of sense and courage who understand our political position. Meigs, the Q. M. G.? Yes, he's an exception; he's an able man. What business had McClellan to talk of slaves as property. No officer in this army should give up any slaves. Army officers were obstructive. General Scott was too old—he did not understand his business. He should have occupied Harper's Ferry and Manassas Junction Gap. Cavalry were not wanted." And so forth. I listened. The Senator, I was told, had been a shoemaker in early life. Why not? But why should he be chairman of the Military Committee of the Senate?

On the 8th I visited Arlington Heights, where I spent the greater part of the day with General McDowell. Instead of 100,000 troops in a state of efficiency, of which I had read and heard, there were not 30,000, and some of the regiments were incomplete and undisciplined. General McDowell told me that "there was no such thing as a decent map of Virginia." Years afterwards I was assured by French officers that they could not get good maps of the northeast parts of France! "The roads in this part of the world," said the General, "are very bad, but I know nothing more than that about them. I have no cavalry

to push a reconnoissance through the dense wooded country which screens the enemy completely in the front of my lines."

Questions were put to me at the White House in the evening about my visit to the Federal Army. In answer to an inquiry about the camp I told Mr. Lincoln that I heard "a good many dropping shots," generally forbidden in camp and quarters in Europe, and that an officer explained that "they are only volunteers shooting themselves." "Well," said the President, "that seems a waste of good material in every way; however, they will soon have a chance of making better use of their ammunition, I hope."

July 9th. A great swarm of correspondents has settled down on Washington. Any officer who will descant on the war is certain to have a circle of listeners, notebook in hand, and when the fountain has run out or shuts up, off they rush to the telegraph office or to the writing-rooms, which are filled with chroniclers of the gossip of the hour. I dined with General Scott in his new headquarters near the War Department, General Fremont, the Pathfinder; Mr. Bigelow, three members of Congress, Mr. Clarence Brown, and the General's aides-de-camp, etc. Fremont, a pleasant, self-satisfied looking gentlemanly man, rather prone to expatiate on military and political subjects, expressed strong opinions respecting "the audacity and presumption of Davis, a traitor and a rebel, sending a communication to President Lincoln. His flag of truce should not have been received." A remark about the difficulty of getting horses that would stand fire afforded General Scott an opportunity of telling us that he intended to take the field in a light wagon, which was always ready with driver and horses in the stable. He cited the example of an astonishing number of commanders who had adopted that mode of leading armies in action and was pleased when I added Radetzky and Pelissier to his list. The excesses of the Germans in hunting horses, eggs, chickens on the Virginians' farms made him very angry. Fremont diverted fire from his favorite Germans by asking me if I was not familiar with such depredations in Europe. As it was getting late, the President accompanied by Mr. Blair joined the party and I thought it proper to retire.

July 10th. I had a hint last night that the Secretary of War and General Scott had resolved to prevent the transmission by telegraph of military movements by the newspaper correspondents in the United States. I rode over the Long Bridge to the camp at Arlington again this morning, and saw the men at drill. A very noisy function generally, rich in expletives in various tongues. One regiment of Frenchmen, raised by a famous fencing master of New York, seemed very smart. The colonel, on his arrival, asked his friend the Russian Minister, Stoeckl, to dine with him in camp. The Minister begged to be excused, saying he could not venture to do so. "May I ask why?" "Because, my dear friend, how could I ever stand muster in your camp? You have 500 hairdressers in your regiment, I am told." "Well, then, suppose I dine with you?" "How do you think I could offer you a dinner worthy of one who has 500 cooks under his orders?" They were soldierly enough to look at for all that. I crossed the Potomac by the

Chain Bridge and returned to Washington. Congress was busy with preparations for war. I entered the House of Representatives as Mr. Vallandigham was protesting against a bill to enable Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, to raise a loan of \$250,000,000, which was, nevertheless, passed immediately. In the Senate a bill for the employment of 500,000 volunteers and a credit of \$500,000,000 was also passed by a great majority. The Southern ports are closed by a decree of the President. I called on Senator Cameron, Secretary of War, at his very modest residence. He was beset by crowds of contractors, with whom he was battling vigorously. He drew a very long face when I asked him for an order to draw a field officer's rations for self, servant, and horses at cost price when the army took the field. He was startled. "I am willing; but, mind, all your brethren will want the same. There won't be enough for them all, and woe betide me if I refuse. You had better talk to Seward about it."

July 12. The diplomatic circle much agitated. General Stoeckl, M. Mercier, Baron Gerolt, M. Lisboa in constant communication. Lord Lyons and M. Mercier exchanged daily visits. Mr., generally called "Little", Woods, appointed Quartermaster General to Fremont by Blair's influence. Called on President Lincoln, who received me immediately. "As far as he was concerned he thought I ought to get whatever I needed to eat and drink as long as I paid for it." Busy hunting through livery stables for horses—managed to buy a nice wagon for the field. Just as I had got so far the colored gentleman whom I had hired at Quebec bolted, taking with him things not his own, money included. I never saw him any more! General Scott says I shall be able to procure what I want with the army as long as I have money.

July 13th. Uncle Sam burst upon me early this morning much excited. "McClellan is the man," he exclaimed, "everyone is talking of his victory." He attacked a corps of secessionists under Garnett at Laurel Hill and dispersed them with a loss of the commander, who was killed, and of six guns, camp equipage, ammunition, etc. The engagements took place on the 12th. McClellan demanded unconditional surrender. He had become a hero, or the hero of the hour. Garnett, whom he defeated, had been commandant at West Point. Colonel Pegram, who was trying to join Garnett, a West Point man also, with a high reputation, also surrendered to McClellan, who had thus scored heavily. In consequence of illness in the Federal camps, Sanitary Commissioners are to proceed to visit the Federal garrison. It is not to be wondered at that an impromptu army should need the advice of experts in such matters. I met some of the gentlemen last night; Clarence Brown assured me that there will be no immediate start, but thinks I ought to get ready. Four regiments have been added to McDowell's army which is deficient in cavalry, some troops of the second dragoons being the only regulars. Colonel Miles is glad that officers of the regular army are receiving a fair share of commands in the force under McDowell.

July 14th. Having an intimation from General McDowell, in the strictest confidence, last night that some days must elapse before he could break up his camp and move against the Confederates at Manassas, in front of Richmond, a hasty resolution set me off in company with Sanitary Commissioners to visit Fortress Monroe. The name of General Butler becoming much in evidence—a vigorous politician at all events, energetic, too, in movement and command; he had been much before the public in reference to the status of runaway slaves, "contrabands," as they were termed. The

attitude of the Federal government and of Secretary Cameron was much disapproved of by the Abolitionists, and Butler's letter on the subject was very embarrassing to Washington, where the idea that Federal armaments were intended to destroy the Constitution of the United States and the rights of slave-owners was energetically repudiated. Our steamer from Baltimore arrived at the wharf of Fortress Monroe in the early morning. We had some time to wait ere General Butler appeared, but there was a morning parade of the garrison to amuse us, and we could contrast the white gloves, polished belts, and buttons, bright appointments and soldierly smartness of a regiment of regulars, with the slovenly aspect of a Massachusetts volunteer battalion, and the Second New York Regiment. General Butler was very civil, more so, perhaps, to myself than to Dr. Bellows, the Chief Commissioner, a very estimable and eloquent clergyman. The Hygeia Hotel, once a favorite summer resort of the Virginians, was now an army hospital. Lady nurses in attendance on the patients; newspapers and illustrated periodicals on the tables in all the wards. In the fortress, guns, and carriages, the piles of shot and shell were dusty and rusty. The General told me that Fortress Monroe when he came in was in a filthy, neglected condition, but that he was busy getting things in order. "Who could believe that these villains would ever venture to take up arms against our government? Look at their audacity! Look at their flag flying at Sewell's Point opposite. I intend to astonish them when I get that pretty little piece (a Rodman gun) mounted, though it is not by masses of iron this contest can be decided, but by points of steel directed by superior intelligence."

From Fortress Monroe we went in a steamer to Newport News and the Federal camp. Colonel Phelps, a tall, saturnine, fierce-eyed, stern man, who regarded slave-owners as licentious, godless people, joined us, an excellent type of the chief of a Puritan regiment. I dined with the General and had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Butler, his wife, the officers of his staff and others. After coffee the General ordered horses to visit his advanced posts at Hampton. Very good mounts, indeed, with which we set off, accompanied by an aid-de-camp and a couple of orderlies. There was a rabblement of negroes, "the Contrabands," outside the fort, who with absurd bows, scrapes, and gestures hailed their protector. "Just look!" said the General, "everyone of these represents the loss of a thousand dollars at least to the chivalry over the way." "Nasty, dirty, idle beasts!" said his aide-de-camp *sotto voce*; "I wish to heaven they were all at the bottom of the Chesapeake." A most interesting ride to Hampton—a quaint old-fashioned country town of red brick houses. The church, the first built in Virginia, by the English colonists. Many tombstones bore the names of British subjects who had died ere the great rebellion could destroy their notions of loyalty, or their

ears could be assailed by the thunder of French ordnance, mingled with the roar of the guns of Washington's colonials, against the entrenchments at Yorktown. And there was General Butler standing on the wall of the cemetery and pointing to the woods whence the rebel cavalry of Virginia issued to attack the forces of H. M. "the Union."

The General sent orders to have a transport ready to take me to Washington, but it was 11 o'clock at night ere she was ready. Next day, July 15, and the next day till 7 o'clock in the evening was passed on the river, and it was with great difficulty that I persuaded the captain to land me at Annapolis.

McDowell, all alone, was standing on the platform at Washington. "Did you hear or see anything of two batteries of artillery at Annapolis?" I thought it a very curious question from the Commander-in-Chief of the Federal army at such a moment. But he explained to me that he had no officer to spare for the duty, so he had come in from camp, as the guns were very urgently needed.

I had returned just in the nick of time. The Federal Army had already moved out from its standing camp on the right side of the Potomac towards the Southern Army, which had advanced towards Fairfax Court House, and McDowell was straining every nerve to carry out the imperative order, "On to Richmond." He was not sorry to get away from politicians and the capital, but he was not confident of success, for he was aware of the defects of his troops, and he spoke with some diffidence of himself. "I do not know what sort of a general I shall make, and I am rather afraid of being under your solar microscope, but I shall do my best, and no one can do more." Then he spoke of his difficulties. "There is a legion of correspondents to be kept in order, and I have little or no control over them. I have suggested that they should wear a white uniform to identify them and indicate the innocence and purity of their business, but they don't like it, and they are very angry because I have insisted on each of them having a pass. They ask for all kinds of information on vital matters. I can tell *you* things which it would be ruinous to publish in Washington or New York, as it would be known to the enemy in a few hours, whereas it would be a fortnight before they could hear it from London. I am not allowed to work out my own plans.

General Scott has his, and General Mansfield suggests one thing and Simon Cameron another, and I am urged by Senators, Congressmen, and newspaper editors to attack Beauregard at once, though I show them I am not ready because I have not got what I want, and wish for a day's grace. There is, indeed, I admit, one reason for immediate action. Some battalions threaten to leave because the end of their three months' engagement is near at hand, but I hope they will not be base enough to leave the army when they are within touch of the enemy."

I have never met anyone who gave me a stronger impression of honesty and sincerity than Irwin McDowell. He was then in the prime of life—forty or forty-five years old—powerfully built, but rather ponderous in movement—kindly and simple in manner, with a very pleasant soldierly face—a water drinker and almost a vegetarian. After the cruel war was over, I met him one day in some foreign city—Vienna, I think—and as we were conversing he said: "Strange, isn't it, our encounter to-day?" "Why so, General?" "Have you forgotten? This is the 21st of July—the anniversary of Bull Run. Had I won that battle, I would have been one of the most popular men in the United States and you would have been another. I need not say how much it is the other way with us now." But I do not think his countrymen blamed him after all. When I went to the United States some years ago I found him in command at San Francisco—much changed, aged, and sad, but courteous and kindly as ever. I told him that I had in a place of honor at home the photograph which he gave me before he left my lodgings the day he was looking for Barry's guns. "And I suppose," he said, "your friends ask, 'Who on earth was General McDowell?'"

July 18. Rose early. A squadron of regular cavalry was clattering down the avenue toward the Bridge, groups of excited people in the streets, orderlies galloping to and fro. I hurried to General Mansfield and met him, straw hat, uniform coat open, on the stairs. "There is bad news from the front! That fellow Tyler has been engaged and we are whipped." And he hastened off to General Scott's. In the street I met Senator Sumner radiant. "We have had a great success! The rebels are falling back in all directions! General Scott tells me we ought to be in Richmond by Saturday night."

Before I left for Fortress Monroe I had given commissions to my friends and every livery stable keeper in Washington to get me

a couple of saddle-horses and a draft animal. Not one was ready for me, and though I had no kingdom to give, I was ready to offer the half of what I had for a horse. At the War Office, at the State Department, at the White House, every one I wanted to see was engaged. But at last I heard from Cullum that McDowell had occupied Fairfax Court House. I called on Lord Lyons, who, as was his wont, rubbed his leg vigorously. "These happy, prosperous people," he said, "are bent on fighting within a day's march of the capital of the great Republic!" It was curious how little of what was going on Lord Lyons appeared to know. Was he really ignorant or did he pretend to be so? Certainly his sympathies were with the executive of the state to which he was accredited, but Mr. Seward sought to extort declarations respecting the action of great Britain in regard to a conflict which had only just begun, as though it were closed by the triumph of the North. The other ministers took the situation each in his own way. M. Mercier, the Frenchman, was vivacious, interested, and well informed. He had much to say on both sides. General Stoeckl, the Russian, rubbed his hands gently and did not disguise his belief that the great experiment of the Conscript Fathers had failed. "*Actum est de Republica.*" Signor Tessara evinced on proper occasions the liveliest satisfaction at the prospect of a mortal rent in the power which had shown itself so tyrannous and strong in relations with the country which he represented. The South American representatives were in a state of decently suppressed exultation. Mr. Roost Van Limbourg deftly avoiding any expression of opinion, longed for the return of the quiet evenings when his gilded saloons were the resort of pleasant people who were fond of whist, poker, and polite society! Between them all and the President Mr. Seward placed his official person.

Families sat, in the old Dutch fashion, on the stoops of their houses, groups continuously reinforced by people fresh from some centre of intelligence, while others drifted away to join another family circle. At Mr. Carroll's I found Mr. Monson and Mr. Warre, of the Legation. The pleasant little Commander Wise, U. S. N., was telling them of the tremendous mischief that would be wrought by a steam ram 480 feet long with a speed of 25 knots an hour. I had seen it at the Navy Yard. But, alas! it was only a model!

When I returned in the evening to my quarters, there was a man before the door holding a tall, dark bay horse with unmistakable spavin and ring bone. "This will just fix you, I think. I will take a thousand dollars for him ; not a cent less!" I demurred. "Well," he said, "I heard of chaps that paid more to hear Jenny Lind sing. If you want to see the fight, a thousand dollars is cheap! The battle won't be repeated, I can tell you." After one hour's negotiation it was settled that a gig with two horses and a saddle-horse were to be at my door at dawn of day on July 21st.

I called on everybody I knew in the forenoon, and at 12 o'clock I drove down to the Senate, where a Senator from California was on the floor delivering an elaborate lecture on the political affairs of the Republic. One of the officers of the House came in with a note from General McDowell to tell me "the army would advance very early next morning, left in front." At the same time a note was delivered to a Senator, who left his seat to communicate its contents to others who hastened to hear them. All was confusion. The President hammered again and again vigorously and called for order in vain. Presently Mr. Hay, the President's Secretary, appeared with a message to the Senate. I asked if the news that McDowell had carried Bull Run was true. He replied that the President knew nothing about it, and that General Scott was equally ignorant. The Senate was fast emptying. I had no time to lose.

Between General Scott, Colonel Cullum, and others, I gathered that McDowell had intended to make a feint against the centre of the Southerners whilst he threw the mass of his forces against their extreme right by a wide turning movement to get possession of Manassas in their rear, but he found the country too difficult, and so was obliged to form a fresh scheme of attack. But General Tyler, who had been ordered to reconnoitre, got some regiments under heavy fire and they retired in confusion. It is of no use now to mention regiments whose alacrity in getting away was conspicuous. "What a pity old Scott has not got legs ! He would be good for a big thing yet if he could move !" said Cullum.

There was great joy in Washington, where nearly all the shopkeepers, barkeepers, restaurateurs, men and women, were for the South. Some of the heroes of the battle were already at Boulanger's. One lanky lieutenant was in much request.

"How many do you suppose was killed, lieutenant?"

"Sir, it is my honest belief that there was not less than *etc.*, *etc.* You might walk for five hours by the side of the Run and not be able to put your foot on the ground."

"Was the dead that thick, Lieutenant?"

"No, sir! But the dead *and* the wounded together."

Officers and soldiers who ought to have been in front with their regiments were in the bar-rooms ; many were abject skulkers.

I went to obtain Lord Lyons's consent that Mr. Warre should accompany me to start that night over Long Bridge to overtake the army. It was necessary to have a pass. I walked to General Scott's and was handed passes by one of his aides ; but when I said that we intended to cross at once the aide-de-camp told me that the passes were not valid between tattoo and daybreak unless we had the countersign, and only the General himself could give that. "Will you ask him for it?" "The General is asleep, sir. I dare not disturb him." We returned through the silent streets and I got to bed at midnight.

The 21st of July was a day ever to be remembered ; *dies carbone notanda*, indeed. My experiences are written in the chronicles of the time.

We started late, which was not my fault. By the time we reached Centreville, where there was a crowd of Congressmen, some on horses, some in carriages, a few ladies, and many civilians, the attack on Beauregard was well developed, and after a brief survey of the scene, I mounted the led horse, which was full of spirit and mettle, and rode down the road. I told Mr. Warre that I would return before dusk to the place where we had left the gig in charge of the boy. Of the actual battle I saw nothing; of the results I saw too much. I was unfortunate enough to meet the first wave of the retreat, and to be involved in the panic rout of an army. When I got to the spot where the gig had been left it was not to be seen. Mr. Warre, joined by Mr. Vizetelly, the artist, seeing the flight of masses of the Federal army making for the road toward Centreville, judged it expedient to drive back to Washington with my groom an hour and a half before I reached the place, leaving me to ride back on a horse which had already done more than thirty miles, and had twenty-seven to do, with no light weight on his back. It was about 11 o'clock at night when I crossed the Long Bridge and rode into Washington. The

gig and its occupants had arrived three hours before me. That night I sat down to write with a heavy heart. I was anxious if possible to send off some account of what I had seen by the Boston mail which started on Wednesday. And here let me say that had I been able to finish a despatch that night I would have stated that McDowell had been repulsed and that a panic had ensued among a portion of his troops; but that the Federal army would take up a strong position between Centreville and Fairfax Court House and resume the offensive. I had not the smallest idea of the greatness of the defeat, of the magnitude of the disaster, or that a long interval would elapse ere another army could set out from the banks of the Potomac to essay a march to Richmond. But with the morning came the truth. The Federal army almost *en masse*—or rather in disjointed masses—had crossed the Potomac and were tramping in torrents of rain down Pennsylvania Avenue. Men from New York, Michigan, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Minnesota mingled together, many without knapsacks, cross-belts or firelocks. All day the stream flowed on, dammed up here and there in front of spirit stores. The President and the Secretary of State sat in the telegraph operator's room in the White House till the fatal words "full retreat" were ticked off by the needle. Then they awaited events. It was, or seemed to be, merely a question of hours rather than days when Beauregard would lead the Southern army into Washington.

I did not hesitate to communicate my own impressions at the British Legation. The Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, had borrowed from Lord Lyons a British flag with which to decorate his office in honor of the Queen's birthday. The Minister now thought that it would be wise to hoist the standard over his Legation, and sent for the flag; but it was nowhere to be found. As it happened, there was no necessity for its display; for Washington, though in danger, was never attacked, far less occupied. It will remain a subject for discussion whether the Confederate troops could have seized the capital. It can scarcely be doubted that the transfer of the seat of the government of the Confederate States from Richmond to Washington would have produced an extraordinary change, if not in the ultimate result of the contest, at all events in the great Northern cities and some of the Western States, where there were sections strongly in favor of the

South, whilst Maryland and New York would have probably thrown all their weight upon the side of a compromise. The Emperor of the French would have had, at all events, additional arguments to urge in favor of the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, and the hands of the considerable party in England who were urgent in the same direction would have been greatly strengthened.

If the North Atlantic States and the great agricultural States had gone solid for the Union, it would have been scarcely possible for Mr. Davis and the other leaders of the slave States to resist the weight of the white race inhabiting the Federal States in many more millions than the whole of the South could muster black and white. It is now useless to speculate on matters of the kind.

Beauregard's troops had had no long marches, nor were their losses heavy. It seemed as if there was no impediment to their occupation of the capital. But afterwards it transpired that they were not in a condition to advance. There was an earth-work on the right side of the river near the Georgetown bridge which was occupied by the Sixty-ninth Regiment. Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward, and I think Mr. Cameron, repaired there to encourage the garrison to stand firm and to resist Beauregard's forces.

W. H. RUSSELL.

(To be Continued.)